

# Reality

Consciousness has Many Octaves  
and All Together Produce Reality

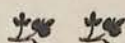
JUNE  
1939



A Pelley Publication



# The One Perfectly Attainable Thing



HERE is only one wish realizable on earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death! And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimeras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers!

It is true that we shall never reach the goal, it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries, and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end.

O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, traveling ye know not whither!

Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor!

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON





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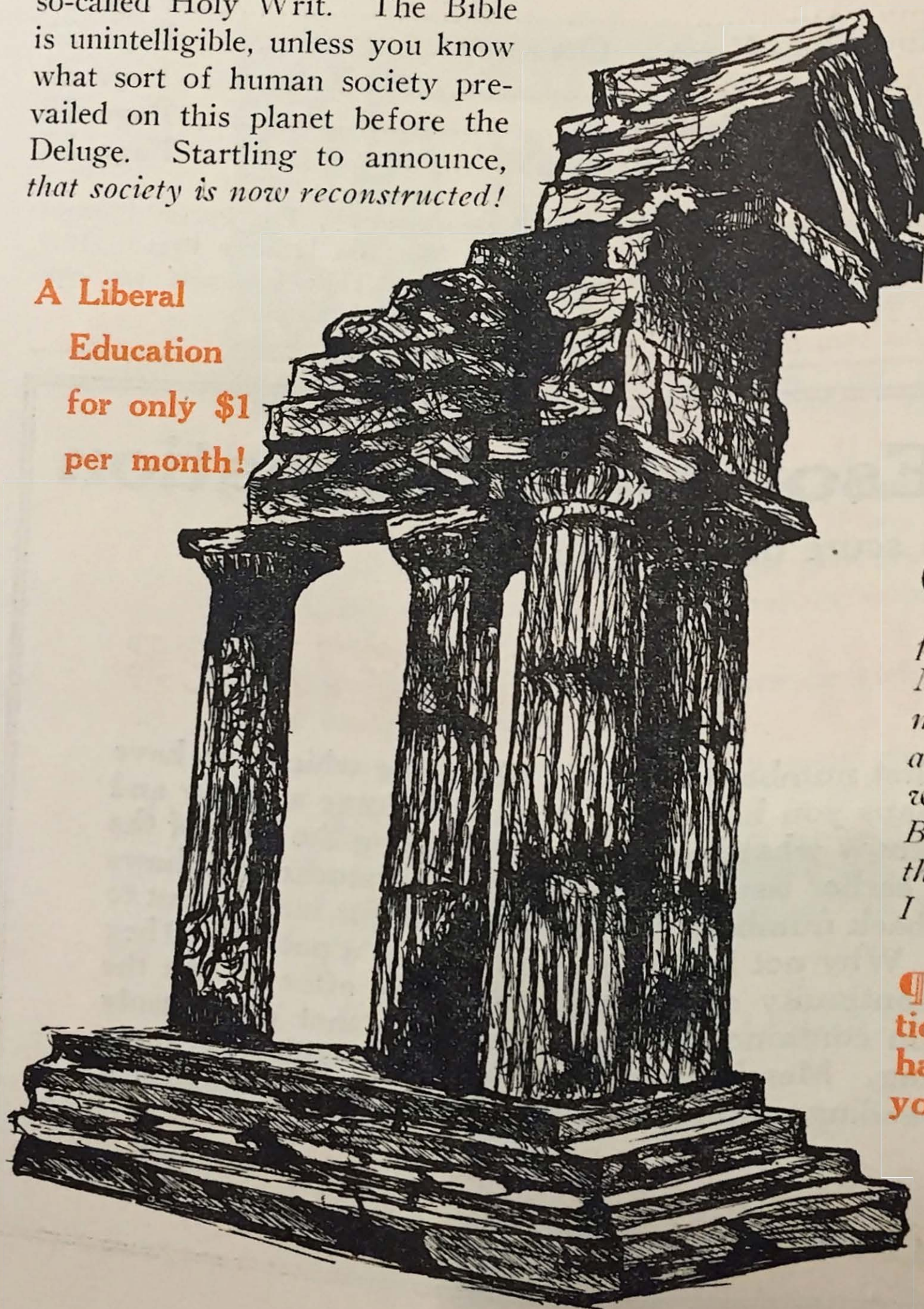
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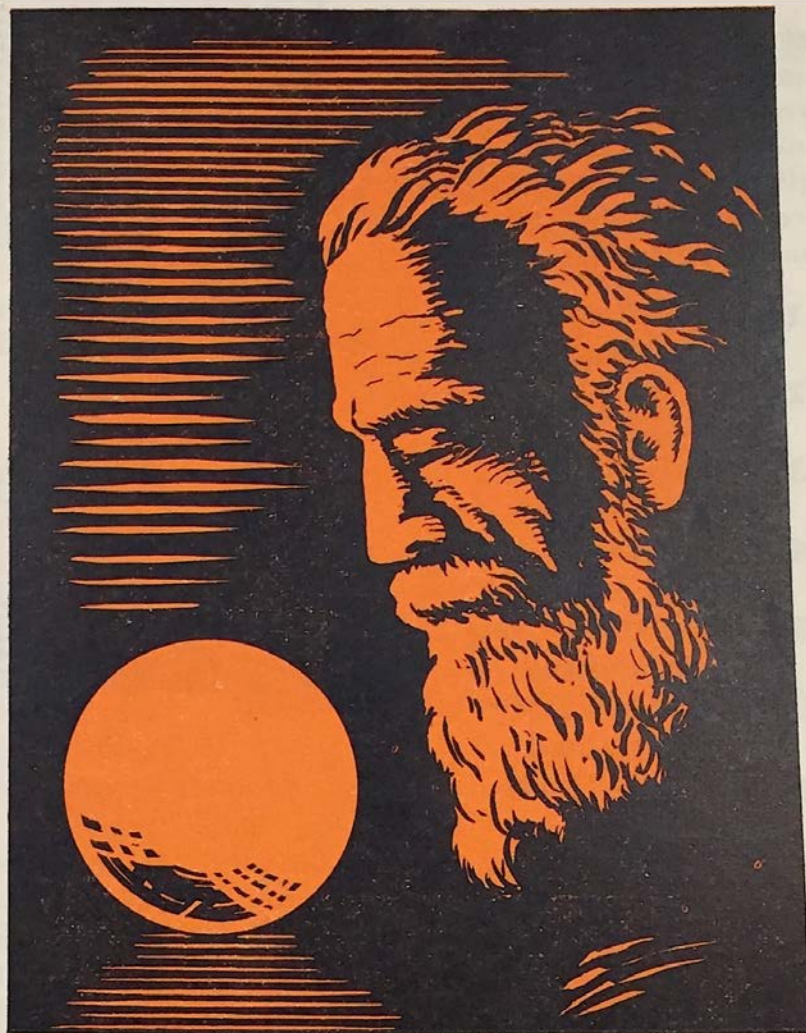
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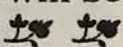
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# Reality

## Magazine

Volume II

JUNE, 1939

Number 9

### This Long Thought




**D**AN commonly thinks of Life as that brief span of consciousness that connects Birth with Death. It is the period of duration of that body which is physical. Because he cannot remember events before his worldly advent, he reasons that he may have no perceptions following his exit. He makes a god of Memory. Deny him this god and he denies all other gods. What is not "in his mind" by reason of memory, can have had no existence. It rarely occurs to man that perchance there are types of experience as vivid to his sensings as these happenings of the present, but only can he know them in the instant of perceiving them. When they have finished, a sense of them vanishes. Had he less of life for that?

¶ Man without memory could know every sensation of the moment, live every suffering, feel every joy. But memory is the echo of all that he has passed through, the continuity of himself that is consciously rendered, the miracle by which his Sense of Self perpetuates and enables his spirit to discern its expansion. To "remember" is so common that its marvel is lost to him. Yet the process of retaining a sense of impressions is the process by which Life acquires the knack to grasp Itself.

¶ What then is this lodestone which gives Eternity its pivot? How has man sculptured it? What machinery has mined it? At what point in cosmic nothingness did it occur to First Spirit to live again a happening of the previous afternoon?

¶ The ancient sage said, "I think, therefore I am!" But what is thinking, literally? Is it not to recall, to recognize acts in that previous acts have been committed, to compare that which was spoken yesterday with the present moment's utterance? Take away such precedents and Spirit-Man is static. It denies him his gauge by which identity is measured.





¶ What is man, then, but Personified Memory? Emasculate this memory and man functions in a vacuum. Consider the victim of amnesia with the memory-clock halted. Does he not know himself as a human cipher only? Let his amnesia be perpetual and what may Life hold for him?

¶ So the philosopher says, "What then is Memory but a thought of vast length? The well-springs of my being bubble the cognition of my experiences this morning, last month, the year that I was little and fell down from the shed. I have never ceased to think the thought that I thought this morning, last month, the year that I was little and fell down from the shed. High lights in this thought may flame at times in the focus of my consciousness. But they are single candles in the one illumination. So then I ask: What wrought the radiance in its first incandescence? At what point can I say: This Long Thought that is memory, started here, to acknowledge units in such brilliance?" Presently it comes clearer to him that even as there is no true Beginning or End to experience—in that all experiences are but prologues or epilogues each unto the others—so there can be no beginning or end to the One Thought, and he counts himself an integrated mortal merely because he thinks it.

¶ What then is memory but One Long Thought? And what is man himself, in each instance, but the encasement of its thinking? "I am a Thought," says the philosopher, "one Long Thought that commenced of itself to think when the miracle of Spirit wrought a formal association. But how can a Thought, even the Long Thought that is myself, have a beginning but no ending? Can a stick be a stick if it have but one end? Or should I say that the end of the Thought opposite from its beginning, is this moment's realization? How can I say that, realizing that even this instant has no ending? The present forever IS.

¶ "Am I a Thought then, without a beginning? The idea is awesome. If I am a Thought without a beginning, then have I always been. And if I have always been, then must I ever go on being, else again must I compare myself to the miraculous stick that has but one end. But impressions, high lights, candles in the radiance, those are something else. I think the One Long Thought because it is my essence and naught else. But I think it in aspects of comparisons, and term them ideas. By ideas am I identified. Ideas arrest my sufferings in amnesia, but only as they ARE arrested, do I secure unfoldment of my spirit."

¶ Eternity then, is not something outside ourselves. It is the Present Endless Moment, giving us arena to think Thoughts that never have termination, and in that we think them, so is Eternity contained within ourselves. Whenever did clocks halt the thinking of a thought by the hands on half-past one?

¶ The profit in it all? Behold we are endless—as endless as a circle. Think your thought, brother, and Time cannot halt for you. But if you prefer amnesia, yours must be the suicide!





## Is Earthly Life Like a Train that Travels Laid Rails?



NOTHING intrigues mankind more, in this fraught period in the world's affairs, than gaining dependable knowledge of what may be ahead for man to experience. To know what the future holds, for either the mass or the individual, is the mass curiosity. Man rarely stops to recognize the absolute uselessness of foreknowledge of event. He takes it for granted that if he, as a lone unit of society, could know to a certainty what was due to happen tomorrow, next week, next month, or next year, he would either shun with malice aforethought the less fortunate experiences of life, or he would enrich himself materially by trading perspicaciously on his ignorant brother's blindness. ✿ ✿

To this end have prophets, seers, and even soothsayers, been held in high or low esteem since the dawn of civilization. Priests, kings, and merchant princes, have ever had a weakness for harkening to psychic persons claiming to be able to foretell the future. Equally strange to relate, historical research turns up such psychically endowed performers of whose authentic abilities there has been miraculous demonstration. ✿ ✿

The question to be considered is, not whether such psychical capabilities are bona fide, or even how they operate, but what revelations they may hold in

explanation of the reality of a definite program prescribed for life in mortality, and whether man's spirit has free will to determine what his life agenda, incarnation by incarnation, shall comprise. ✿ ✿

Are we spiritual entities exercising Free Will unto ourselves in each instance, in this octave of Mortality, or is each one of us—unsuspected by our sentient consciousness, or what we like to assume is our sentient consciousness—fated to follow out to the finest iota the prescriptions of a program, determined before our birth?



ASK nine out of ten persons what their views may be upon this subject, and, admitting that they are endowed with reasonable ability to logicize, they will probably make answer: "In larger social aspects there undoubtedly is a Plan that mass humanity is following, and in that sense we might say that a sort of Predestination is a fact. But within the prescriptions of that Plan, insofar as it is proper for the individual to operate without seriously disturbing the Plan's decreed features, volatile spirits have liberties or choice. Attempt to deny this hypothesis and man is but a robot, spiritually unaccountable for the least of his behaviors."

Admittedly such argument has basis in sense. ✿ ✿



Nevertheless, the deeper thinker and philosopher examines some facts of history that cannot be refuted, and pioneers his thought into more awesome channels. ✿ ✿

How account for instances where provenly clairvoyant personages have not only predicted—with micrometric precision—events which were to happen centuries in the future, but have spoken the names of individuals who would be born and live in certain historical sequences whole generations ahead of the prophets' times, naming acts which they would do of consequential tenor down to the hour and the moment of doing them? Are such transactions on the parts of these yet-to-be-born individuals merely observed by spectators in some more grandiose time-dimension, or is all human life merely the performance of a drama that is written in advance, and in which individual arrivals in life, generation by generation, are only robot players?

If the latter be true, and the drama be written for a hundred years in advance, why should it not be written a thousand years in advance? And if it be written a thousand years in advance, why should it not be written ten thousand years in advance, ten million years in advance, ten aeons in advance, or even comprise all the acts of all the persons who are ever to know mortality so long as the earth-planet has identity in Space? We are on the track of something here that cannot be dismissed by hypotheses of prejudice. There are unassailable facts constantly turning up in human affairs that hurl a vast question mark against the background of mortality as it performs in Cosmic Time.

To be more specific, suppose we go back to a theme that was discussed in its more temporal and transient aspects in the April issue of this publication—some of the more miraculous predictions of the Seer Nostradamus, who wrote a book of prophecies from an attic in Salon, France, in or about the year 1555.

Suppose we consider, among others, one incident in those prophecies: the literal turning back of the fleeing French king from the border, which he and his family were attempting to cross to escape the Reign of Terror in Paris. Describing the last days of this king before the French Revolution, Nostradamus went so far in clairvoyant demonstration as to set down the names of persons who would not be born for a period of 234 years! He wrote in one of his famous quatrains—

"The husband (Louis) will be decorated with the mitre (or revolutionary tricolor cockade). An attack will be made upon the Tuileries by five hundred. A titled traitor will be Narbon, and another, Sauce, watcher of his ancestral oil kegs."



OR the information of those who may not have read the April issue of Reality, Nostradamus was the grandson of the surgeon and physician at the court of King Rene of Provence. His celebrated grandfather, Pierre, seems to have been his tutor throughout his boyhood and imparted to the lad his own zeal for explorations into science, medicine, alchemy, and the occult. But Nostradamus was well advanced into manhood before he began to exhibit the extraordinary powers that have kept his name alive to the present.

The claim has carelessly been made in later biographies of the seer, that he was by race a Jew. But conscientious research does not establish this as fact. His people for generations had been devout Catholics, and Michael Nostradamus followed in their faith. Not by an act or line of psychology or utterance, is it anywhere indicated that he was Jewish by blood or temperament, and it is probable that this conclusion was ignorantly reached because the man was a scholar in the Hebrew Cabala. Furthermore, the Jews were in such odium in the France of his time, that



it is unthinkable that the Catholic monarch himself would have tolerated for an instant any Sons of Jacob as his personal physicians.

Briefly, Nostradamus married in due course and had two children. But the Black Death broke out across Europe and in the run of the plague he lost his family. Stricken almost out of reason, he traveled strange lands for the next dozen years, then finally settled as a recluse in Salon, a little hamlet near Lyons, France.

He escaped subsequent persecution as a sorcerer by allowing the notion to prevail that he had become deranged. Nevertheless, it is of historical record that in his attic laboratory he maintained most of the equipment of the alchemist of legend: astrolabes, magic mirrors, alembics, pentacles, divining rods, and prisms. It is reported that night after night he sat for hours in his mystic retreat, gazing into a metal chalice filled with clear water, as though focusing his Inner Eye upon something in its depths too profound for human vision. Gradually he compiled a record of what he beheld—only, as we shall read presently on a later page, the man himself declares that he did not arrive at his prophecies by precisely such procedure. ✠ ✠

The collected data from these self-imposed trances became his book: "The Centuries and True Prophecies of Master Michel de Nostradamus."

As we can see for ourselves in copies still preserved for us, they were written in French, in rhyming quatrains or four-line verses. Some of the significances he had to disguise, to save him from political persecution. Many of them have proved too cryptic for modern interpretation. The greater portion of them are easily decipherable. Their number runs to hundreds.

Here then, whether we want to accredit it or not, we are confronted by a book, done by one Mace Bonhomme, printer, of Lyons, France, and bearing the bona fide date of publication—

1555—in which are recorded hundreds of prophecies of great and small events to take place in coming history, written by a scholar with psychic skill so great that he even predicted the opening and closing dates of the First World War, the rise of the German Nazis, the outbreak and duration of Franco's revolt in Spain—even naming the hamlet where it would start—and incorrectly reckoning the outbreak of the Second World War by a matter of less than five months. ✠ ✠

Nostradamus indicated that the Second World War would commence early in 1940, but inasmuch as he was calculating the event 384 years in advance of its happening, a leeway of four months in a reckoning of nearly four centuries, may be conceded to him.



**W**HAT matters is this: Ninety-eight percent of his predictions as to world occurrences over the past four centuries, have come true on the nail!

Of proper names that Nostradamus anticipated would be given to persons not to be born for scores and even hundreds of years, the list is stupefying. He named the Lord of Monluc, Captain Charry, Lord de la Mole—Admiral of the galleys to Henry II—Entragues, beheaded by Louis XIII, Clarepegne, the headsman, Sinan the Pasha who destroyed Hungary, Clement who murdered Henry III, the Attorney David and Captain Ampus, Rosseau, the Mayor of Puy, and some two dozen other personages, none of whom had been born at the time Nostradamus prophesied. In describing the Reign of Terror he said that a mob of 500 would attack the Tuileries, and at the time he wrote, the Tuileries had not been thought of, and the land on which the palace later was constructed—long after the seer's death—was a cow pasture.

What then, are we confronted with, in such a display of clairvoyant powers? ¶ Take the aforesaid incident of Sauce,



"keeper of the ancestral oil vats." Sauce was a hosteler who, from having been in the fleeing king's employ, recognized him at the border and reported him to the revolutionaries, who returned him to Paris, imprisoned him, and subsequently beheaded him.

How did an alchemist and mystic, writing in a Lyons garret in the year 1555, attain to the knowledge that on a certain night 234 years in future, an obscure vintner would turn a fugitive monarch back from the border, and that the traitorous vintner's name would be Sauce? Remember, something like three generations of souls were due to incarnate and pass from the mortal scene, before that vintner would enter life and play his role.

The question is a fair one to propound: Are all earthly things which are ever due to happen in worldly Time, in such aspects of reality that they can be viewed literally in advance? Or is it that mortal life on the earth is comparable to a play written for the theater, in which the characters are all listed and named in advance—together with the "business" that they contribute to the complete performance—and incarnating spirits merely nominate themselves to play the roles they subsequently enact?



R suppose we employ another metaphor—

Can it, perhaps, be true that all the mortal life performing now, or that ever will perform, is not

unlike a railroad train that, having once been coupled together and started in motion by its locomotive, is thereafter compelled to travel exactly where the rails have been laid for it to travel on, and that it cannot go elsewhere and be known as a train?

Might not the rails—in the item of spiritual life performing through the mechanism of the physical body—have been laid, figuratively, when the planet itself was brought into being, and what-

ever has happened since, been the mechanical movements of the train?

If every phase of spiritual movement that performs on earth, is the following of a chart, then every form of so-called Good or Evil is an ordainment, or bit of "business" toward the consummation of the play.

Good and Evil in this sense might be compared to either sunny or inclement weather over the terrain which the cosmic train travels.

The train as a train, however, is due to arrive at the precise destination which the rails will dictate. If the rails terminate suddenly, then a wreck is due, but it could scarcely be called the fault of the engineer, and still less of the passengers being transported in the coaches. The persons who laid, or did not lay, the rails, would be beholden for the catastrophe.

If this metaphor be in any wise sensible, then we might understand how a seer like Nostradamus would know 234 years in advance, what would take place at a small French border town over two centuries in the future—and what the incidents were due to be when the train reached that point. He would merely consult his cosmic map and his cosmic timetable—or better still, to revert to the theater metaphor, look forward in the script of the play and read in advance what the cosmic playwright had penned there for lines and business when the drama had been enacted up to that express sequence.



UNDERSTAND, we are merely doing a bit of exploring here in the philosophical aspects of the Time situation; we are by no means postulating crystallized convictions. Nostradamus's feats of clairvoyance prove beyond much shadow of imposture that back in the year 1555, someone, in some dimension, had accurate foreknowledge that in the year 1789 an innkeeper by the name of Sauce would be in physical



flesh, and upon a particular night in that year would be on the appropriate spot at the French border, where he would perform the act of betrayal of his sovereign. It matters not whether Nostradamus was the person who determined this coming set of circumstances, or whether some higher entity or entities were possessors of this information and conveyed it to the seer. The prediction was made as to what would happen, and it DID happen—to the place, the hour, and the name of the man who performed the predicted act.

Immediately we ask: Why should 234 years be the time element over which such occurrences were known in advance? If it could be known—and apparently was known—over 234 years, why not 5,000 years, or even five million years? And by the same line of awesome reasoning, why should it not now be known as well, that at half-past two o'clock in Juneau, Alaska, ten thousand and forty-six years from this moment, a lad named Jimmy will be hanging upon a front gate, eating a slice of bread smeared with jam?

If the process of knowing what is to happen, is a process, then by what rule or circumscription do we limit either the time, place, or significance of the happening? Things either are scheduled to happen, or they happen by chance—there is no third basis for the phenomenon of activity.

If some plead that Free Spirit has choice to do this or that, betray a monarch or swing on a gate and eat bread and jam, still we have to acknowledge that even the results of Free Spirit in capricious activity, are known in advance. And in the case of Sauce and Nostradamus, they seem to have been known 234 years in advance, or three generations before the innkeeper entered flesh.

The case of Nostradamus is one episode out of all modern history, enabling us—as it were—to catch Clairvoyance definitely by the tail, haul it into securer grasp, turn it over, examine it, and speculate after a dependable ex-

amination what its nature may be and what machinery produces it.

But greater than the phenomenon of Future Sight is this problem affecting the conscious daily activity of each and every one of us, as to whether we are hourly and momentarily beholden to the so-called moral law for our elective acts in flesh.

If the train rails of a man's life specify that he shall be born as a parson's son and die on the end of a rope as a horse-thief, then why berate him for running the track? If the rails of a woman's life dictate that she walk the streets at sixteen and arrive at respectable matrimony at forty with four healthy offspring lawfully come by, how much "credit" is due her for her so-called regeneration? These questions are not being asked as a doctrine; they are logical interrogatories in the light of proven prophecy.



THE easterner has it that everything that happens was slated to happen from the commencement of mortal projection, that this is not the octave of Free Will in the slightest particular, but the octave of Predestination. The octave where Free Will operates, precedes this octave of Predestination. It operates in the matter of choice as to which spirits elect to enter the coaches of life and experience the vicissitudes of the mortal journey, that if one spirit does not, then another spirit will—in the item of the life-role of any given person as it later is played.

This, carried to extreme detail, is equal to saying that when the earth-ball first coagulated, it was prescribed that a person of your appearance and your present name would be holding this magazine in his hand at this instant and reading the words imprinted on this page. ¶ In other words, the progressing world drama would have happened anyhow, to the finest iota, just as it is unfolding at this instant. But whether your iden-



tical spirit, or some other spirit, would be occupying your body and called by your name, attaining to the reading of this page at this moment, would have depended on whether or not you elected to incarnate and play the role called you. ✿ ✿

The westerner stands appalled at any such hypothesis, repudiates the notion that he may not be full master of his momentary destiny, and if he be a believer in reincarnation, demands what becomes of the item of karma if the easterner be correct.

Neither can prove, however, that the other is incorrect, though the easterner does explain to the westerner that even the results of election can be conceived as scheduled.

In other words, whatever you choose to do, under the illusion of Free Will, is the thing you are slated to do on the time charts of Cosmos.



IN WHICHEVER light we choose to view it, we are forced to concede that the further we probe into the mysteries of Clairvoyance the more appalling is the proof that every life—in its great essentials—is charted, and that the designs of the chart are known to someone, somewhere, who may read them at will. Great Philosophers in higher octaves suggest to us that, if we could only find evidence for accrediting it consciously, we carry about with us, each one, from year to year and hour to hour, the keenest sub-knowledge of all the events which our mortal roles are slated to encompass, straight up to the instants of our deaths. They say that scores of our so-called "hunches" are naught but this sub-knowledge coming up, on occasion, to the surface of focused recognition. Premonitions of great disasters are other aspects of the same life charts galvanizing, and indicating to us that we have prenatally slated ourselves to partake of certain

major catastrophes, to produce mystical spiritual unfoldments.

Still, none of it explains for the logical person how a French mystic, brooding in an attic, could know that a man was to be born 234 years in future whose name was to be known among men as Sauce, and that he was to be the agent by which the current monarch of France lost his head.

Nostradamus even went further and gave accurate descriptions of the characters and temperaments of the kings who would rule France—and in every case his words turned out correct. How could a character or a temperament be cast as a role for a spirit to enter or to fit? ✿ ✿

To accredit Nostradamus means that the textbooks on mental behaviors must all be rewritten, that religions and theologies must generally be overhauled, and that in the final analysis it can make not a kopeck's worth of difference whether a man be born as a prince or a pauper, or a woman pursue her worldly role as queen or barmaid.

¶ There are parts to be played in the theatrical performance that is Cosmos, and undoubtedly the effects on unfolding spirit are identical on the rich and the poor, the scholar and the dolt.

Experiencing, getting the repercussions from sensation, developing the judgment as a development and not as a matter of degree, knowing the reactions from limitation that limitlessness may be the better appreciated—these are the increments from the mortal imprisonment. ✿ ✿

As we cannot avoid them, why should we fight them?

After all, it's how well you perform an act, that counts on the Ledgers of Spirit. To originate our roles in every particular might be equal to taking responsibility for the entire universe upon our shoulders.

Spirit does not ask for such valor as that. In other words—

"God doesn't count our works; He weighs them!"



## *"It is all in the Script"*

**D**O YOU wonder at the thing which you term Evil? Do you not perceive that in every drama there must be contradictory forces, and that opposite every hero must play a villain? ¶ You say that God must be dispassionate to let so much distress afflict the earth. But is it distress, in its final analysis? Would a theatrical performance be worth the watching if dirty work were proclaimed at no crossroads, if the heroine were menaced by no one in moustaches, if the second act dropped no curtain on virtue triumphant? What then is the Charted Life but the Script of the Divine Drama put into your hands for learning, speaking, acting, that you may know the lines which you speak in the Piece or carry a spear before the footlights at just the proper moment?

Do you refuse to be an actor? Is it your caprice to dash before the audience and "ad-lib" in jargon? Pray what would that get you, inasmuch as the Drama would not make sense unless other players were able to take their cues from you and thus supply you with cooperation? ✠ ✠

Remember, the only Free Will which remained to you after accepting your role, was that of acting to the utmost of your talent. But is that not enough?

Keep in mind, too, that there is no more real distress in the world than there is real distress in the heroine's peril in "The Lighthouse by the Sea." The hero crashes in at the proper dramatic moment. Rescue is inevitable. ¶ It is all in the Script!





## Nostradamus Tells Us How He Received His Prophecies



ETAPHYSICIANS and all adept researchers in the profounder phases of Psychics will understand without difficulty what the Seer-Mystic, Nostradamus, was attempting to convey when he indicated that after going through certain formulas and incantations, he perfected contact with an extremely high order of Mentor—whom he mentions as “the god”—and that this Personage presented himself in quasi-materialized aspect in the seer’s vicinity and aided him in exercising the prophetic traits with which the man was born. ¶ Arriving accurately at the time element for each prophecy, or estimating the year, month or day when described events were expected to happen, seems to have been achieved by means of hundreds of numerological charts and astronomical diagrams with which his attic premises were discovered surfeited, following his death.

In other words, it might generally be said that Nostradamus received his descriptions of events more clairaudiently than clairvoyantly, and then was compelled to calculate the time periods for himself. ✿ ✿

That this is more or less true, is seemingly borne out by the fact, long since determined, that whereas the seer found ways to depict the nature of events with necromantic accuracy, he continually erred in fixing the precise date on

which a predicted event would occur. ¶ What we are particularly interested in, however, as scholars in the Eternal Verities, is what Nostradamus himself has to say about the possession or exercise of his gifts, and what revelations he left for us concerning his methods for prophetic production.



T the end of Century VI of his book, appear four lines in Latin, distinguished by the curious title: “An Incantation in Arrest of Inept Critics.”

A translation of these lines gives us a cue to the spirituality and psychical sincerity of the writer—

“Let those who read these verses, meditate them seriously! Let the profane and ignorant vulgar not handle them! Let astrologers, fools, and savages stand off! Who acts contrary to this, let him be cursed according to the rites of magic.”

After this, we come to the following necromantic formula—

“Gathered at night in study deep I sate,

Alone, upon the tripod stool of brass,  
Exiguous flame came out of solitude,  
Promise of magic that may be Believed.”

Interpreted, this seems to be the sense of the quatrain—

“Being seated at night and wrapped in



secret study, entirely alone, I placed myself upon the brazen rod of prophecy. A still small flame came forth of solitude, helping me to realize successfully what it will not prove vain to have believed."



**W**HAT we get here is curious, showing as it does that the borderland of the unseen world was actually contiguous with that of Nostradamus. They even overlapped, in his estimation, so as to form an intermediate neutral territory like the marches in the North, where the inhabitants of each district could meet and communicate.

In Century I, Quatrain I, Nostradamus writes—

"The rod in hand set in the midst of  
the Branches,  
He moistens with water both the fringe  
and the foot;  
Fear, and a Voice, make me quake in  
my sleeves,  
Splendor divine! The God is seated  
near."

It is easy to be positive that all this is illusive, superstitious, even demoniacal. But even so, we do have to concede that in some fashion or other it brought results whose validity no one has been able to challenge to the present.

Another effect it undeniably produces. It unites man more to the universe and less to the material world. It makes death less strange and less cold, and furnishes to the soul, and the things of the soul, more nutriment than it exacts from modern life and the cult of the materialistic.

The general meaning seems to be that Nostradamus sat with some sort of wand, branch or divining rod of laurel, probably forked like the winchel rod of the water-finders—one fork being held in each hand. This, in some way, had the power to invoke his Genius or higher mentor.

When the latter appeared—for cere-

monial reasons known only to the seer—Nostradamus moistened in the brazier that held water, himself, the fringe of his robe, and his feet. The rod, held as suggested, then became electrified, caused fear with the sound of a voice and a shuddering up to the elbows.

Then shone forth the fatidical splendor of a divine light, and a deity was present, ectoplasmic in his vicinity.

M. le Pelletier, one of the biographers of Nostradamus, tells us that a pagan rite of the god Branchus was once practiced, corresponding to this aforesaid fatidical ceremony of the Lyons prophet. Calling it a pagan rite of course means little, except that it was a rite not known or practiced in the later Christian religion. It is coming to be commonly known that scores of cults of the ancients were based on the profoundest findings of modern psychical research.

If, however, there had been such a pagan rite to Branchus, certain it is that Nostradamus speaks here far too covertly for us to assume from his writing that he was discharging any special rite to an archaic deity. To suppose further that a pagan deity could ever be the guardian genius of a son of the Church of Rome, makes such a Renaissance-jumble of the early religions that nothing is gained in trying to dissect it.

Nostradamus seems to have been following out certain occult forms employed for establishing vaticinatory connection with the other world, or setting up the counter analogy between Mind and Spirit, according to that beautiful esoteric verse in Ecclesiasticus: "All things are double, one against the other; He hath made nothing imperfect."

Were such things never to interlink, men might well say—as they do now in the "wisdom" of Science—that Spirit and Intellect are not doubles, and that no knowledge can be reached save by physical experiment.

In this case there will be a particular link missing if Science be right. The sage will earnestly desire that such as-



sumption will prove to be erroneous. He will readily formulate with St. Paul that the invisible things from creation may be known from the visible, likewise that the visible things can never be understood but by the invisible. The visible is not visible to the visible but to the invisible alone.

The eye is the machine of sight, but not sight itself.

Who has seen the eye of the eye?



THE INTERPRETATION of M. le Pelletier to the quatrain is as follows:



That Nostradamus, wand in hand, touched the branches of the tripod, like the priests of Branchus, and invoked his Genius-Mentor, which appeared to him in the vapour floating above a basin of water. This he had consecrated beforehand, according to prescribed esoteric rites, and in which he dipped the fringe of his garment and his feet. Thereat an involuntary shivering agitated his hand, when about to write at the dictation of spirit. The fatidical light shone, and the "angel" was seated at his side.

The wand was conceivably a forked laurel branch that dipped forcibly, like the winchel rod, when Nostradamus held it over the water, that it strained as the hazel rod does, almost to breaking, and at this invitation it is to be supposed that the mentor appeared.

The incantation being completed and successful, the operator or "seer" must be supposed to have set aside the winchel and assumed the pen, quaking with a solemn sense of the spiritual presence. That Nostradamus could invoke a mentor of such transcendent profundity and accuracy as to coming event, was the man's good fortune and real claim to fame.

There is reported a further kind of vaticination by a basin, by means of which rustics frequently predict. Just as there is a mode of predicting by means of the air, or leaves of trees, so there is said

to be a kind of predictive power in the basin, known and practiced as far back as the Assyrians, which has a great similarity to this incantation or coupling of deva with matter.

Those about to prophesy, take a basin full of water, which secures higher-octave attention and presents a medium through which phenomena may be transmitted.  



The basin then, full of water, seems to breathe or move; the water appears agitated as with circular ripples, as from sounds emitted below.

When the water begins to lend itself as the vehicle of sound, the motivating higher entity presently succeeds in producing a thin reedy note but devoid of meaning. Close upon that, whilst the water is undulating, certain weak and peeping sounds whisper forth predictions about the future.

In the Latin translation of Psellus by Marsilius Finicus, is this comment: "A spirit of this kind is vagrant everywhere, for it is endowed with the solar pass—so that our terrestrial atmosphere lies everywhere open to it—and that order of spirits, in the work appointed to it, speaks at all times in a subdued voice, that by its indistinct obscurity it may be less easy to seize the falsehoods that it utters."



AN HISTORIAN of the Fourth century, and a man of veracity, Marcellinus has given us curious details of how prophetic tripods were considered



by the Romans of his day. It comes out quite naturally in the judicial proofs investigating a conspiracy against the life of Valens the Emperor—what to-day we would designate as a State Trial.  

The conspirators were put to the torture and as an item in the indictment the figure of a little table becomes prominent, concerning which the accused were interrogated by the judges. ¶ At least one of them, Hillarius, bro-



ken with pain, revealed the secret in these words—

"Honored judges, we constructed this unfortunate little table that you see here after the fashion of the tripod—or more strictly the cauldron—at Delphi, with dark incantations, out of branches of laurel, and with imprecations of secret song, and numerous ceremonies repeated over daily. We consecrated it with magic rites, till at last we put it in motion. When it reached this capacity of movement, as often as we wished to interrogate it by secret inquiry, we proceeded thus:

"It was placed in the middle of a room purified throughout by Arabian perfumes. A round dish was simply laid upon it, formed of a composite material of many metals. On the flange of its outer rim were skillfully engraved the scriptile forms of the alphabet, separated into as many accurately measured spaces.  

"Over this basin a man stood, clothed in linen garments and shod with linen socks, his head bound around with a turban-like tuft of hair, and bearing a rod of vervian, the prospering plant. After we had favorably conciliated the deity, who is the giver of all presage, with duly formulated charms and ceremonial knowledge, he communicated a gentle movement to the ring suspended over the basin. This was hung on an exceedingly fine Carpathian thread, which too had been initiated with mystical observances. This ring, moved by little leaps and bounds—so as to alight upon the distinct intervals with the separate letters inscribed, each in the compartment unto itself, gives out answers in heroic verse suitable to the inquiries made, comprehended perfectly in number and measure. Such are called Pythic, or those delivered by the oracles of the Brachidae."



Interesting enough, but what we really are having described for us here is but a forerunner of the much derided modern ouija board. Only instead of a planchette, moved around by the hands

of sitters, the ancient Romans suspended a ring on a thread which the communicating entity moved from letter to letter around the rim of a bowl. However, to return to Nostradamus—



HE MAN implies in a score of places that he was first of all born with a tendency toward natural Second Sight—just as thousands of Scottish and

Irish persons are, at the present time. What this Second Sight may be, is extraneous to our theme of the moment.

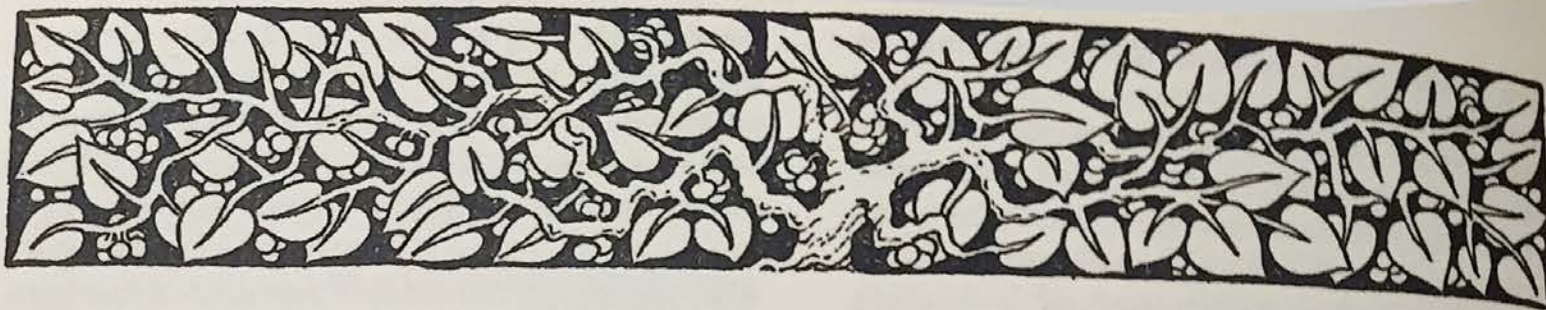
¶ This natural trait toward clairvoyance was fostered and developed by the metaphysical instruction received, while a youth, from his grandfather, Pierre. In his early manhood, he lost his first family by plague, which threw him into a lifelong mood of introspective melancholia. This mood was conducive to the profoundest psychical research, and somewhere along in his esoteric explorations he made contact with a fourth-dimensional entity that provenly had an infallible knowledge of all vicissitudes slated for human society up several hundred years of future. In considering all of it, we are confronted by this—  

It would be easy to rationalize and say that Nostradamus was simply lucky, in that he was able to secure the cooperation of a higher-octave mentor who in turn was endowed with a miraculous knowledge of the chart spread ahead for society's evolution.

For the Doctrine to be consistent, the two must have been compatriots, but with one functioning in mortality and the other out of it, that the combined effect of their efforts might render some service to the human race, of profit.

Nostradamus, in other words, must have been but one-half the equation, of which the predictive mentor was the other half; but the Nostradamus half, being physically rendered like ourselves, is prone to get earthly credit for the accomplishments of both.





## What You Might Gain or Lose by Becoming Clairvoyant



**L**T STACKS up to the average person, almost without exception, that becoming suddenly clairvoyant would be a very fine thing, indeed. In nine cases out of ten, of course, the uppermost idea in the minds of aspiring prophets is to acquire attributes of such perspicacity that they protect themselves from participation in too rigorous experiences of life on the one hand, while rolling up vast fortunes for themselves on the other by being able to bet infallibly on the behaviors of their fellows. *✿ ✿*

In the first instance, they would sidestep every form of personal calamity. In the second, they would conquer Wall Street, break the Bank at Monte Carlo, win out in every horse-trade, and live in an aura of perpetual envy on the part of their neighbors.

It is a form of super-performance that they want to give in the drama of life, with no especial reasons—at least in the form of spiritual qualifications—why such roles should be allotted them. Desire-wish fulfilment enters into it. Thwarted caprice, even to introvert inclinations of personality, drives them to seek arenas of expression where obstruction and opposition are predictively minimized. They want eyes to see perfectly while all their compatriots are groping in fog—or wearing bandages on their eyes.

If they could discern calamity approaching, and know where it would strike, and when, they would take good care to be located elsewhere. So they think! If they could know that the Market is going hog-wild on Amalgamated Tin next Thursday, they would load up with it on Wednesday and never do another lick of manual labor throughout the balance of this twelve-month.

Amalgamated Tin will labor for them. Ever and always the desire of the clairvoyant aspirant is to sidestep something: if not a Kansas windstorm due to hit on Michaelmas, then the energy-expenditure of piling bricks in a wheelbarrow and trundling them seventy feet for forty dollars Saturday noon.



**N**OW the annals of society attest, without the slightest possibility of imposture, that the gift of clairvoyance in sundry persons is a fact. History tells of the seers called into the service of kings. The Bible alludes to prophets, and the founder of Christianity Himself was so clairvoyant that the foretelling of His own death and resurrection constitutes the most poignant passage in Holy Scripture. Scarcely a person is alive today—of mature years—who cannot relate some episode that has fallen beneath his observation, wherein hunches or premonitions indicated happenings that came true.



We know that there are clairvoyant persons, and we know that there are non-clairvoyant persons; in other words, for some reason not fully expounded, there is, throughout the earth, just enough sprinkling of persons with the prophetic gift to make it apparent that all do not possess it universally—at least not in workable and practicable form. Yet contrary to popular notion, there is scarcely a case on record where persons endowed with it have availed themselves of it to actualize the effects or achieve the objectives which those who have it not, imagine it would afford them.

True, there have been instances where people have had hunches not to take trains that later were wrecked, or not to sail in vessels that subsequently floundered. But when these are examined, the student usually finds that it was not so much clairvoyance that was exercising in the might-have-been victim himself, as it was a warning projected into his consciousness by some guardian mentor who foresaw the event and knew that the karma of his ward did not include participation in the tragedy. ✿ ✿

Where is the true clairvoyant who has discerned great and terrible trouble for himself, and deliberately packed his bags and scuttled to avoid it?

Out of all the millions in modern civilization who have definitely demonstrated predictive gifts, why has the stock market, or the bank at Monte Carlo, never been broken by Second-Sight persons? ✿ ✿

The Wisdom tells us that a great law is working that cannot be flouted.



IN the first place let us ask ourselves, what is that type of clairvoyance that enables its possessor to peer into the future? Is it a literal peering into a situation not yet integrated by form and event, or is it a "remembering forward" and concocting pictures in the

eye of the mind by the reverse process to remembering backward and recalling what has happened, or been witnessed, by the eye of recollection? Insofar as the common practitioner is concerned, and the evidence he offers for examination, it would seem to be the latter, although motivated by sundry vibratory broadcasts that arouse the psychometric talents as the said event approaches.

But such conclusion calls up this: No person can remember either forward or backward, without having had some previous knowledge recorded on his consciousness of what the events so depicted should comprise.

You cannot remember anything that has not first gone into your consciousness, either by personal inspection or narration. ✿ ✿

So, if we want to toy with the thought that clairvoyance of the predictive character is "remembering forward," we have the right to postulate that all things yet to come true must be somehow known to the consciousness of the clairvoyant—either by inspection or narration. ✿ ✿

How did they become so known?

Here we meet up again with the probability of a charted universe, and a charted life in the personal instance.

We know—if we be truly clairvoyant ourselves—what is due to come to pass, because we familiarized ourselves prenatally with the finest detail of incidents and episodes that in totality were to compose the incarnations that we forthwith entered.

We went over the agendum of everything in the way of experience, which would be entailed in the imminent incarnation, and studied and restudied its probable merits and demerits on spirit till practically nothing had been left to hazard. ✿ ✿

Then we incarnated and blanked it out consciously. We put a virgin brain in the way of the eternal mind of spirit—the sense-receiving brain of the new biological organism that we were wrapping about ourselves. But the main



events of the mortal performance we expected to render unto ourselves, had been consciously—and consciously—examined and appraised. To make any attempts toward voiding or averting those events, must throw all mechanisms of mortality out of kilter, defeat the prospects in the incarnation, and work inescapable havoc in the lives of others for which we must pay in kind in future incarnations.



**H**IS, and this alone, is unquestionably the outstanding reason why persons endowed with so-called Second Sight make little or no attempts to sidestep or escape distressing or even catastrophic sequences that involve themselves. They may exercise themselves to sidestep or escape episodes wherein their whole incarnations would be prematurely or wrongfully cut short, but that would be legitimate. In the matter of experiences developing stamina or valor, however, avoidance or escape is almost never taken. In other words, almost never do we find the truly clairvoyant person using his predictive gifts to the damage or defeat of the purposes of fleshly life. And the more vividly clairvoyant he may be, the stronger does this hold. The more clairvoyant a person is, the more resolute is his performance in going through with the role amid events which he discerns.

All of which brings us to this intriguing proposition—

That second-sight clairvoyance is the attribute of certain persons and not of others, because the first must have been more assiduous in familiarizing themselves with the agenda of their imminent incarnations, whose outstanding features have thereby made the more indelible impressions upon their spiritual or eternal minds.

In other words, they have taken their prospective incarnations more seriously, and spiritually memorized, as it

were, every angle and phase—not only as to integration of events but also as to time.

This knowledge the virgin brain of the new organism does not altogether blank out, or keep dormant in the eternal mind of the incarnate individual. Again and again it is brought to the surface, as life sequence succeeds life sequence or daily episode invites daily episode.

Others may give a careless glance at the probabilities in the incarnation, say with spiritual flippancy, "I don't give a rap what it holds, just so long as I have a body to get around in, in three dimensions," step their vibrations down to exact synchronization with that of the pregnant mother and the new fleshly organism within her womb, and with a nod and a shrug push themselves back into physical conditions, with the significances of the current incarnation left to post-mortem reflection. Such souls, so incarnating, would take along no particular knowledge of signposts, of turns in the road, traffic signals, or paths alongside precipices, that is one of the more perspicacious persons' "natural" characteristics.

The careless people, after having reached a certain physical maturity, may complain: "How come that Joe Whoozis or Jenny Izzit seems to have gifts of perceiving what's due to happen next week, next month, or next year, whereas no such predilections ever come to me?"

The answer might conceivably be: "Because Joe and Jenny made such careful preparations for their incarnations—by familiarizing themselves with every phase of each—that concretions of events occurring now, recall to them consciously the vital incidents due to arrive in sequences soon to come. They picture these incidents in the eye of the mind, as they have retained them in great detail, and you think they have gifts which you are denied. They were really better advance students of their incarnations. Had you not been so careless or indifferent about your own



preparations for incarnation, you too might be aware now of what imminent episodes will comprise."



NOT all forms of clairvoyance, of course, fall within this category. There is the form of clairvoyance known as Bi-location, or so splitting the functions of the consciousness as to permit of its exercise in two places at once. There is the clairvoyance that operates from pictures projected into the pineal gland by minds in the higher octaves of Matter. There is the clairvoyance that is strictly psychometric and that tells of events happening at a distance by a type of broadcast of volatile vibrations—as when Swedenborg knew of the Great Fire at Copenhagen hours before word of it came through by telegraph to the place of his residence.

Clairvoyance as commonly referred to, means anything that is perceived visibly or pictured, instead of being heard through the medium of the ear—clair-audiently—or transmission of thought in the abstract, telepathy. As such, it is open to many interpretations. But in the matter of strict prophecy, particularly as it concerns the individual and his role day by day in earthly society, Memory is reasonably the chief factor that is operating.

So "keeping away" from that which is unpleasant or calamitous, is precisely what the incarnated soul decidedly does not do. Indeed, why should he do it? He did not shrink from entering upon the incarnation with all its known distresses and calamities to begin with; why should he renege as the earth sojourn progresses? And the same might be said in the matter of using transcendent or prophetic sight to enrich the worldly pocketbook.

People commonly think riches to be the increments from varied luck. They assume that the improvident man is an object for commiseration, just as dying

wealthy is proof-positive of Success. Not grasping—or recalling—the true fundamentals that have brought them into flesh, and being more strongly impressed by the purblind teachings of society on the subject—as they have encountered them after the prenatal blank-out—they forget that the role comes first, and always its awards have been gauged in advance.

A man whose role does not entail riches, cannot concrete them though he be standing in a shower of gold dollars with a basket hung upon his front. Granted he fills the basket, its bottom will drop out. Conversely, the man whose incarnation is to cause him to learn the lessons from the right or wrong uses of money, cannot avoid it though he dwell on a desert island. A treasure ship will be sure to wreck in his vicinity. If he be not upon an island, but in modern social life, "everything he touches will turn into profit."

¶ The truly clairvoyant person knows this also, and if there be an individual here and there who plays the stock market or the roulette wheel by his predictive attributes, it is a safe proposition that he would concrete an equal amount trading in suspenders or hunting fossils in the Gobi.

It is a grave esoteric error, therefore, to anticipate that "knowing the future" would mean health, wealth, and happiness. Knowing the future would mean exactly the opposite. It would mean living in a household of beloved corpses day by day, whose spirits still are with one, discerning the descent of horrifying catastrophe and not being able to do much about it, forever waiting for some Sword of Damocles to drop, and anticipating sorrow in the shaft of every sunbeam.

Better to take the hour as it comes and accept that it comes because at some time you willed it.

What are you getting out of it consciously at this moment? is the thing that matters. And let tomorrow's funeral buy its flowers for itself!



# BOMBAST



IT IS a childish and bombastic thing to say that the Earth was made for man. The Earth was made for Life! And the form which Life takes is secondary to the fact that it is able, through experience with Form, to know its own existence. Man puts himself at the apex of creation because it pleases him to think that he observes most, and thereby reasons best. But for all Man knows, the cat or ant may do the same. All of them get away with it because none of the various species possess the means for saying the others nay. If we, as humans, could talk in cat language to the cat, we might be surprised at its belief in the superiority of the feline world. But we only talk with men and so we agree that, all things considered, we are quite the cream in the coffee of the aeons. ¶ And yet, the true savant sees nothing amiss in this. Self-Esteem is the caisson for spiritual construction. It is the parent of Self-Confidence, and without self-confidence, even the caterpillar would have its doubts about attempting to essay the wings of a butterfly. ¶ No, the better thing to be bombastic about is our eminent good fortune in having discovered this planet at all. We put our feet upon it, and build our straw huts, and propagate our young. Albeit we fight with one another and go thenceforth to demise under the handicap of missing teeth or legs. That too, is surprise that contains the kernel of the universe. When we shall have attained to the status of Christs, naught shall appear to us but the appalling immensity of that which is still exhaustless to be learned!





## Items We Are Ignoring when Denying the Charted Life

**T**WO difficulties, not to say resentments, confront us when considering the hypothesis that each life may be charted. First, we feel that our rugged spiritual individualism is being infringed upon, and we react in pique to any suggestion that we cannot do as we please in life. Second, the size and intricacy of the patterns proposed are so stupendous that our minds—in present stages of spiritual unfoldment—revolt at considering them. Being mentally unable to comprehend planning of a nature so titanic, we dispose of the matter by calling it absurd.

But having a childish pique at possible spiritual circumscription, or saying that a thing cannot be so because our minds cannot grasp it, might, on the other hand, compose exactly the evidence we lack for establishing causes for the miracle of mortality at all.

The first might be set down as a matter of pure vanity. The second might be listed as in the class of pure defense mechanisms, arranged to salve our chagrins that we are not now as developed spiritually as we hope to some day become. ✿ ✿

As students of the verities, however, suppose that we divest ourselves of bias and consider all phases of the theory abstractly.

Human life, we must admit, has appeared upon earth, and over the multi-

ple centuries has traced a program of activity and growth.

Human society, so-called, has been composed of myriad individuals, who, when aligned into cultures—moral, economic, or political—have been the recipients of diversified experiences that from the spiritual standpoint have either profited or damaged them.

The assumption or acceptance of the average participant in life today is, that most of it has occurred by chance, or at least in reaction to features of terrain, environment, and so-called natural selection. ✿ ✿

Enforced obedience—or rather, acquiescence—to laws promulgated by Nature, say the orthodox evolutionists, has proposed effects which—taken collectively—we term the civilizations of today. ✿ ✿

Within the circumscriptions of these natural laws, mortally encased spirits have liberty and license to do as they please. ✿ ✿

Examining such assumptions or acceptances more trenchantly, however, do we find them logical?



**WE** SPEAK of the "circumscriptions of natural laws," inside of which sentient spirits have liberties and license. But are we not indulging ourselves in a paradox to start with? Is not the whole proposal a silly contra-





diction? The idea-image called up is one of life with a paddock fence around it. We concede ourselves to be a sort of human stock turned out to pasture for the sequence of the physical experience. But what have we gained—or proven—by such conceiving?



Are we not stating in effect that whereas we concede that the paddock fence of natural laws and circumscriptions exists, nevertheless because we can toss our manes, lie down on the sod and roll, chase one another down grassy slopes, or lift our heads in the sunshine and whinny, we are "free."

But are we free? Are such physical acts as tossing our manes, rolling in grass, chasing each other in capricious exercise, making whinny-noises from our throats, liberties or licenses in any sense whatever?

An old adage has it, "Wherever you do not particularly want to be, or cannot leave at any time or in such manner as you choose, is prison!"

So long as there is a single limitation of any nature upon our volatile acts or choosings, is it not logical that in exactly that degree we are convict prisoners?  



Whether the imprisonment annoys us, or is carried to such an extent that it infuriates us, is beside the point. Whether it be physical or mental is likewise of no moment.



Whenever there is the slightest barrier set up to compel us to do that which we would not do of our private volition, does it not imply that we are slaves and serfs by enforced acquiescence to its dictates?  

Commonly we think of prisonment as dictated confinement of the physical body by the law-enforcing agencies maintained by society.

Most gentlemen residing at Sing Sing are there against their wills—let us hope that no one arises to waste time in challenging this statement.



But what shall be said for the small-town housewife with seven youngsters, who is compelled to "manage" on the

fifteen dollars allotted her by her plumber-husband each Saturday noon? The windows of her tawdry little bungalow show no bars, but is there essential difference between the gong that calls the inmates of Sing Sing to morning mess and the alarm-clock that bangs off at six-thirty every morning and proclaims that the housewife shall arise, prepare breakfast, and get her offspring off to school?  

A thousand times a month the housewife undoubtedly would like to "chuck the whole business" and flee to a South Pacific island with the handsome young chap who delivers the groceries. Such are her natural inclinations. Still, she does not. Something restrains her. She has a lifetime sentence at hard labor to serve, with very real penalties if she "goes over the wall." That part of these penalties may be the harassments of conscience, does not alter acknowledgment of the basic circumscription. ¶ We have all of us become prisoners to a greater or lesser degree, by submitting to the phenomenon of physical incarnation.  

The Free Will that appears evident in the circumstance boils down to this: Will we or will we not, conform to the discipline set down for the conduct of our own particular penal situation?

But what Free Will is that, inasmuch as our penal situation immediately says, "Exercise such Free Will and bring chastisement upon yourself!"

The equation resulting from this would be—  

"Your only free will is the will to invite punishment."



O, viewed in this light, what we hoax ourselves into discerning as Free Will is merely the decision whether or not to conform to the rules of the particular little penal situation in which we must discern ourselves as principals. No matter what the degree of the imprisonment, we are compelled to face



the fact that the instant that Will is not one hundred percent free, it is not free at all. Free, remember, is an incomparable adjective. As well speak of being "a little bit married" as to refer to freedom in terms of qualifications.

The minute that you are obstructed or restrained from doing anything and everything that you elect to do, in that moment—to be honest—you must admit you are not free.

And precisely as someone reared the walls of Sing Sing and propounded the rules for subsequent occupants, so the life incursion acknowledges the walls of natural and social laws, and qualifies the extent of the liberties that shall thenceforth maintain for those becoming victims of the prison situation.

¶ The trouble with the whole of it—in applying the convict-situation to the prison of physicality—lies in the acknowledgment that instead of there being one set of rules for all the human beings committed to the Sing Sing of Mortality, there is evidence of a separate agendum of activities for every convict personally.

Because there are so many convicts committed to the Sing Sing of Mortality, however, the mind of the lone convict repudiates the notion that programming so much infinitesimal detail can be possible. Truly, what he is doing is confessing his own mental limitations or conceiving capabilities, but does not grasp it.

He is ready to admit that a playwright may easily enough lock himself in an attic—or a penthouse—and picture eight characters, each sharply defined as individuals, whom he will presently carry in imagination through the ramifications of a dramatic plot. His mind, like the mind of the playwright, can "handle" eight characters and consider it no miracle.

But for a playwright to write a play that similarly indicated interwoven action for eighty characters would bring a gasp of admiration from the convict in the Sing Sing of Mortality, while as for

stepping up the business to handle the action of eight hundred characters, or eight million, the effect is to bring a tart denial that such a drama can be penned. In the case of some playwright who might have the mental ability—and physical capability—to handle a cast of eight trillion, and give each his role without slip or falter, the proposal becomes absurd and the convict in mortality deigns not to entertain it.

Yet in the process, has he not been progressively indicating the degrees of his own mental capabilities, and the limitations of his intellect?

The fact that wits exist that can "handle" eight characters in a dramatic plot, postulates in logic that increasingly clever wits can handle numbers of characters increasing to infinity, in exact ratio to their cleverness.



WHAT the average man is truly repudiating in his skepticism anent the probabilities of the charted life, is first his acknowledgment that—voluntarily or otherwise—he has become the inmate of a prison, and second the acknowledgment that in his present spiritual unfoldment he has not achieved the intellect to think beyond units of simple eights. Moreover, he resents the possibility that there may be denizens of the universe elsewhere who can—or do! ✿ ✿

Subconsciously, or we might better say instinctively, the average performer in mortality betrays his limitations, both mentally and spiritually, with every word he utters and every reaction he shows toward mortality, thereby demonstrating that he is likewise aware, subconsciously or instinctively, that a better erudition must certainly be obtainable by being in mortality and suffering its proposals.

Increasingly as we give ourselves to such examinations, we have it impressed upon us that spirit, which is nameless and unidentified, seems to



possess an unaccountable antipathy toward bestirring itself and ultimately arriving at identity through individuality. Yet on the other hand, we confront the contradiction that immediately it is forced to accept identity through individuality—all derived through educating sufferings in a universe-earth of form—it so zealously treasures and guards such attributes that it names their loss as the outstanding cosmic tragedy. ✠ ✠

It seems to be a proposition of "having put so much work into the evolution of one's self that its wastage would be calamity," without much explanation forthcoming at this stage of intellect as to why even such wastage becomes interpretable in terms of chagrin.



HERE is this to be said, however, by those who have trodden the Pathway: Acceptance of the hypothesis of the Charted Life, is literally and figuratively the beginning of wisdom. It is literally and figuratively the beginning of wisdom, because when it is accepted—and consummately explored—nine tenths of all one's resentments at society, at moral codes or lack of them, of all the jealousies and hates and competitions that embitter the spirit, of the mysteries that seem to serve no purpose but to heckle or infuriate, miraculously dissolve and make room for worthier concepts. ✠ ✠

Keeping up with the Joneses alters to the saner and more profitable occupation of keeping up with oneself—which is a reverse way of saying, keeping up with Cosmos.

If half the time and energy expended in fighting the seeming vicissitudes or predicaments of life were given instead to attempts to understand them—in the sense of analyzing why they have come about, and why we may have elected to partake of them—the result would be advancement that would make us mental giants.

The old pagan religions had it that life in the earth-world was a never-ceasing bagatelle between two master forces: the power of Good, symbolized by light; and the power of Evil, symbolized by darkness. Into the arena of pull-and-haul between these two, the volatile spirit was callously tossed.

Whether he let one or the other influence him the more, determined his fitness for further survival. Illogically enough, not all souls were tossed into such pull-and-haul arena similarly equipped to treat with these forces, but this fact was ignored. Bliss or torture was the arbitrary reward or penalty, according as the soul succumbed to either influence. Paulist Theology came along and merely sublimated such paganism, using Jesus as motivation and calling it Christianity. ✠ ✠

No one seemed to notice that it was merely a sublimation, and not much of a change in basic philosophy.

Now, with the old order disintegrating because of its spiritual sterilities, we are presented with what is truly a concept of newness—

Good is Knowledge! Evil is Ignorance! Darkness is merely absence of suitable illumination by which to discern any goals we would attain to! The life into which one has come, is a classroom of education; whether the pupil wear the velvet of the prince or overalls of the laborer has not a thing to do with the peculiar role's increments!

The one point is—

Do you recognize what it may be that you are soliciting from life in this, your present role?

If you do, seize upon it. Hug it to your bosom. ✠ ✠

Remember, somebody has been overwhelmingly courteous to you, to present you with the opportunity of profiting from it at all!

Enter into that which is your brevet with all the zest that is in you. Nothing is in it that surpasses the stamina which you showed when you applied for it!



# EVOLUTION!



YOU can safely decide about where a person may be upon the Ladder of Spiritual Unfoldment by recognizing the factors which he uses to compile his metaphysical equations.

Does he tell you that Esoterics is a cloud of stardust? He is still discovering the Universe. He has not yet discovered God. Does he tell you that he is a persevering Christian and that God is watching over him? He has left his discovery of the Universe and entered upon the stage where he acknowledges Divine Intelligence. ✿ ✿

Does he tell you that he is convinced of the existence of Mentors? Watch him, because presently he will report that Voices have addressed him, which will be but a step from assuring you that he has made contact with the highest of the Christ Forces, who never make mistakes nor counsel him wrongly.

Does he finally say that he knows nothing, that he is becoming convinced that Subconscious Mind is at the bottom of most phenomena, that the more he studies the less he is sure of? He is standing on the brink of the Chasm of Wisdom, and as he moves down the slope and across the vista, be certain that you walk with him, for somewhere in the awesome swing of it you will both meet with Yourselves, radiant with Ageless Ennoblement, thinking no less of the Universe because it was your cradle of understanding.

It is a stupendous moment, when both of you meet Yourselves. The Universe, and God, will be glorified in that instant, for you will have come to understand that your toilsome Growth was but a Coming Back into the Supernal Consciousness that gave you both identity that you might prove Omnipotence!





## If the Universe Be Charted, How Does Karma Operate?



PROBABLY more confusion exists in the minds of esoteric novices as to what does—or does not—create or involve Karma, than any other subject which the Eternal Verities comprise. Further, little of it is cleared by introducing the suggestion that the entire program of earthly event may be charted centuries, or even aeons, in advance, thus designating whatever event occurs as a matter of Cosmic Fatalism. ¶ Adroit examination is necessary here to penetrate successfully the great premises inferred by such terms as Charted Universe and Cosmic Fatalism. As for common Karma, nine out of ten metaphysical students are quite certain they understand it.

A charted universe is one in which all reactions from causations can be, and probably are, calculated in advance. In a given area of Free Space there is contained a definite amount of cosmic energy which according to laws of integration, will, over certain periods of time, bring a planet into being. The planet resulting from this concreting of Free Energy must be of known dimensions, volume, and contents. Nothing can exercise upon it, about it, or within it, without results' being estimable.

Igneous matter cools and condenses, crust forms, materials contract, mountains rise, water canopies fall, motion lessens, seas become great ponds of

water reposing in the bog holes, plants grow as conditions are propitious and constant sentient life is projected when conditions sustain it. Every step in this process should be a matter of exact calculation, given the strength of the forces operating to effect the results. Producing a livable planet should be of no more consequence than producing a mud-ball in the back yard, provided the intellect behind the former be proportionate in ability for calculation of materials and essences.



BUT now enters an ingredient that should tend to upset all equations in cosmic physics.

At length upon the crust of such positively calculated planet appears self-deciding spiritual essence that finds transient residence in a mobile bag of water—millions of bags of water.

Man moves about the earth's outer surface and, according to the attestments of his cleverest scholars, dictates in the self-assertive manner what his personal comings and goings are to be.

Man, say most so-called religions, possesses the god-power to declare whether he shall climb a tree or squat at its roots. The antithesis of his masculine attributes may eat an apple or not eat an apple, prepare him a breakfast omelet or rule that what his postprandial belly requires is steak—or a slab of in-



tegrated tissue sliced from the carcass of a lately defunct bullock. They may have offspring that grow into tribes, clans, nations.

One clan may not like the method by which another clan scours pelts and start indiscriminate slaughtering, each one, of the other.

Greedy and covetousness may enter in. One race may live in a land holding iron, and thus gain ascendancy over nationals subsisting on a stretch of lava rock, making the latter their vassals and servants. ✿ ✿

With this element of free-deciding spirit entering in, how can a universe be chartable?

Who may calculate the temper of a man with a thorn in his heel, or estimate the rancor of a female whose boyfriend "done her wrong"?

In other words, the tensile strength of the rockpiles called mountains may be measured, but how can a micrometer be put upon the decision of a man to withdraw from society and pen a penta-teuch? ✿ ✿



LET us not jump to negatives, merely because that which is proposed for calculation has been altered as to essence. What is man, that thus appears upon a planet's crust, finding three-dimensional expression by tentacles protruding from his bag of water? Is there any difference between his galvanic energy that permits him to swim a torrent successfully, and the first barbed shoot of electrodynamics which, colliding with a second barbed shoot of electrodynamics, made the initial proposals for a trillion-ton planet?

In that both have energy, are not both alive? ✿ ✿

Given a First Man and a First Woman, each of calculated temperament, why should not the Cosmic Psychologist be able to pass judgment on the characteristics and attainments of the Last Man and the Last Woman who pause

on the brink of disintegrating continents and watch with horror the approach of Avernus? ✿ ✿

Given the type of body and features of environment in each and every instance, why should not the product be a matter of spiritual mathematics?

After all, the millions of earth alive in any age are not so much. You can pack every man and every woman—not forgetting all children—now existing in their water-bags anywhere on this planet, in a packing case a half-mile in each of its three measurements, drop it into the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and human life on this earth will be as absent as on the moon.

All the people on all the continents can be stood on Martha's Vineyard, an island of eighteen square miles in Massachusetts Bay, and if their combined weight should sink it, what would that be to Mount Everest or a swarm of locusts winging through Kansas?



Texas would hold every person mundanely alive at this moment, and give him room enough to build a twenty-foot shanty.

Quantities of numbers do not baffle cosmic mathematicians. Christ Himself is responsible for the awesome thought that even the hairs of our heads are numbered.



TILL, admitting that the swing of the savage's arm that slays the wilderness tiger is a calculable essence, traceable from the First Man's taking materialized aspect twenty-eight million years ago come Michaelmas, on what ledger page can it possibly be recorded that my neighbor's hen shall find the hole in my back fence, come into my garden and scratch up my radish roots thereby bringing a quarrel with my neighbor that makes me crack his skull and lay myself open to damages in kind when both of us are Zeppelin-using Esquimau some three hundred years from Labor Day?



Well, is a hole in a fence, and a hungry fowl on the wrong side of it, of less motivating moment to Cosmos than the Alpine avalanche that, warming to a known degree, will rush down a mountainside and annihilate the cohorts of a monarch?  

Is it not because our water-bags are tiny that we have become such worshipers of bulk?

God's accountants may be quite as annoyed by my broken attic window as in running out of leaf-stuff for a fire-struck Oregon forest.



ALL is not calculable, indeed if all is not calculated—even the karmic action and reaction of galvanic spirit—then are not billions of beetles running about unknown to Cosmos? Have monarchs stolen into life unnoticed by divine storekeepers whose job was to check them out of the astral by the necessary providing of them with bodies? And would not that be chaos, in that it happened without the license that everywhere rules materiality?

We must be as consistent in the matter of the wild violet growing upon the inaccessible mountain-peak as we try to hold ourselves in the items of Gog and Magog, summoning their cohorts for the tilt of Armageddon.

Spirit, we concede, causes things to happen. So Spirit must be aware of all vehicles in which the happenings are of process.

And "all" cannot except one bedbug tormenting a Polish bricklayer on a hot night behind the stockyards of Chicago.



ADMITTING the universality of Matter, we must admit the universality of Intellect which accounts for all matter by providing it. Size is mere illusion. So too is density. If I be seventeen miles tall, undoubtedly I can kick Pike's Peak into a flowerbed. If I be a quarter-inch

in height and weigh a half-ounce, one summer raindrop undoubtedly will drown me. Is spirit concerned in my tonnage as compared to the weight of the violin-string of the cicada?

We are bombastic creatures, measuring the universe by the length of our own shoelaces. Considered from a promontory on any one of the Pleiades, even the sun of our planetary system cannot be found.



The astronomers of the Pleiades doubtless ignore our existence; but does that alter the reality of the vesper note of the robin singing this sunset in my pasture maple?



TRULY, there is not the slightest contest between the universe known in its subtlest aspects to Spirit, and karma which says that even the score as between Nellie O'Grady and the Colonel's lady must find eventual equilibrium.

Nellie and her peeve at the Colonel's madam are provided for in the chart. What the Colonel's lady said to the Colonel about Nellie may be quite as motivating a factor in populating or depopulating a continent as what Mrs. Noah said to her connubial skipper, on thrusting her head from the Ark's single window, following the celebrated wet spell.

In our wicked smallness, we measure cataclysms by the strength it requires to kick the neighbor's cat off the side veranda. In our pious bigness, we fish an antediluvian hoopskirt from ten fathoms off the Azores, and yet argue that Atlantis never existed.

Given an event big enough, and it must have happened, we suspect, without Intellect directing it. So we imply when matters pertain to essences that man could by no means manipulate, himself.  

What are the oscillations of Karma but the cosmic gyroscope in action, that the Charted Universe may not become a cross-word puzzle the moment that ev-



ery goosegirl beholds her boy friend with a shepherdess?

Karma would seem to attest that for every action there is a reaction, that the two are one unit, and that the totality of such units are the digits by which the Eternal Mathematicians keep their cosmic books at all.

If such be Cosmic Fatalism, it is only because our intellects have difficulty in conceiving at present that even a wrongful decision on the part of the least of us, is, with its alter ego of rectification, an integral part of the consummate design.

Putting it in another fashion, what is wrong with the proposal that stealing my neighbor's quart of milk and having him steal my delivery of chops to bring the equation true, were slated to happen in the minutiae of events that were to arise from Eve's becoming pregnant, or the Ark's floating safely into dock on Mount Ararat?

We say, "Absurd, because so inconsequential!" But we are measuring the misdemeanor and its counterbalance by our own bewilderment at the task of attempting to trace reaction back to action with such infallible finesse that the cosmic designer of all motivation could have stated forty million years ago the name of the glass blower who shaped the milk bottle, or the age of the child of the butcher who wrapped the chops. ¶ Who shall say that any action is inconsequential, or at what point importance leaves off and inconsequence begins? Is there essential difference in process between Sirius's colliding with Betelgeuse and a grasshopper known to his relatives as Amos, becoming a blob against my hurtling windshield?

Is it not true that we derive these relativities from the acknowledged deficiencies of our own one-cell intellects? ¶ Creating Spirit could scarcely say, "I will shape the mountains and leave the foothills to mold themselves." Whatever has form, must have sufficient cosmic worth to command the materials that make the form possible. Even the

silliest of us must concede that it has required more expertness and labor on the part of Someone to produce the intestines of a mosquito than to dig the Grand Canyon.

Cosmic Fatalism is not an inept resignation to the angles of the Design, but an intelligent and eager acknowledgment that the Design must exist or no two forest acorns would display the same shape. ✻ ✻

It is our caprice traceable to the bombast of our progressing Evolution, to interpret all Consequence in terms of self-utility. ✻ ✻

The Ultimate Over-soul reminds us: "Does it not occur to you that the midge, and the trout that snaps it afar in wilderness waters, may be of similar utility to Me?"

Weak wits cannot get this. They insist on the self-independence of the angleworm, snarled with a hundred kindred in the fisherman's bait-can. But in time it will come to them.

No, there is no quarrel between Karma and Cosmic Fatalism!

Cosmic Fatalism is the over-soul of Karma, and even the ending of my page has been as adroitly accounted for, as the final flash of Pleiades!

It is all a matter of having big enough brain to do the calculating and make the discriminations.

The South Sea Island savage cannot count above ten. People who deal in twenties, fifties, ten thousands, are demigods in his philosophy. Behold we have the American congressman who finally arrives at the mentality to consider millions as small-change. Why not grant, then, that Cosmos holds accountants and psychologists who deal in millions of trillions and bethink them mere dozens?

We disclose our own littleness when we call such mathematics miracles. Mayhap the time will come when we too shall have custody of ten trillion worlds in our own Milky Way. We shall need to be good at figures.

Give it thought!



# Belaboring Piety

**I**T IS a pretty ceremony in many wholesome households to say Grace before meals. ✠ ✠  
The board is spread, the partakers gather. There is an awkward moment ere the viands are assailed.

"Doctor Whoozis, will you kindly ask the Blessing?" the host requests the guest. And good Doctor Whoozis is taken with panic. His tummy turns over. He hasn't talked with God for a twelve-month. But there is no way out of it. "Mum-mum-mum-mum-mum-mum, Amen!" he gallops beneath his breath. Then all those present yank their chairs forward and begin talking about the war. They do it with an avidity that indicates that the blessing should be forgotten. And Doctor Whoozis vows he will not thus earn a meal in that household again, though he solicit his bacon from PWA. ¶ What, I conjecture, is the observance of a Blessing unless it sweetly blesses? Why Return Thanks unless true thanks are felt? Not that I would dispense with a custom so gracious. But the prayer that is obligatory I hold to be an earache unto busy Deity. The forefathers said no Grace before meals, but afterward. To reduce true gratitude to muttered formula is to destroy the essence of the piece and reduce one's thanks to wax-works. ✠ ✠

Let the prayer be true that comes to the lips or let it stay unspoken. Better still, put it upon a phonograph record touched off by the cuckoo-clock and let one's guests eat their meals in tranquillity.





## Is Oriental Resignation Decadence of Spirit?

**I**T IS a seemingly strange spiritual situation which the tourist from the western world encounters in the East. Religious philosophies seem exactly contraposed. The westerner maintains that in a temperamental resignation to "the Will of Allah," the Oriental has fallen into decadence of spirit. It matters not whether the westerner encounters this resignation in the Buddhistic calm of the Chinese, the nonresistance of the Hindu, or the fatalism of the Mohammedan. He indignantly spurns the notion that human beings are not masters of their own destinies, or that whatever happens in earthly affairs has been slated to happen from the beginning of time.

The westerner is bombastic, imperious, masculine. The easterner is docile, acquiescent, effeminate.

The westerner belabors his chest like an unschooled gorilla and roars: "Circumstance? I am Circumstance!" The easterner smiles tolerantly, with tranquillity of Ageless Wisdom glowing from his eyes, and bows his head meekly to the juggernaut of cataclysm. "Someday you will be older and wiser," he implies by his quiet.

"Rot!" snaps the westerner. "You are like a senile man sitting in the sun. Your soul has gone to seed."

The westerner comes back from the East with hauteur in his eyes and con-

tempt in his heart for what he pleases to term the Philosophy of Resignation.

"It means retrogression, static," he reports to his neighbors. "Saying everything is the 'Will of God' and making no move to better one's condition, is spiritual degeneration. Thank God our culture teaches us to squirm, sprawl, exert, build! We are disciples of positivism and thereby we rule the earth."

¶ And proceeding on this hypothesis, the westerner invents a new gadget to turn a hundred men jobless on the streets, proposes an economic alteration that shoves a continent into bankruptcy, or evolves a better gas to murder women and children in their beds.

"Something is wrong with our religion!" wails the Don Quixote of theology, dressed like a major-domo in his gold-embossed pulpit. "Unless people turn back to God, our civilization faces ruin!" ✠ ✠

The easterner continues to sit in the sun. He has no linotype, no NRA, no heat bomb to toss from the side of his military airplane and annihilate a city by spontaneous combustion. But he does have the calm light of mystical understanding in his glance.

And he seems waiting for something. What does he wait for?

It is bromidic to say that the Occidental is bombastic with conceits of youth, that the Oriental has lived all the cultures and civilizations that have ever been and come into a knowledge of



worldly futilities. ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿  
 The Occidental is not necessarily youthful, seeing that there are quite as many "old souls" incarnated at any given period in the West as in the East. Neither is the Oriental universally mature, for we know that he has not lived all the cultures or civilizations that have exhibited on earth. Given sufficient provocation to arouse his fanaticism, we know that he will slay with demoniacal fury. No westerner has ever evolved the diabolical bodily torturings that the easterner practices if his fiats be outraged. ✿ ✿

Furthermore, we suspect that more "young souls" incarnate in the eastern races than in the western, because it seems to be ever in lands of overcrowded populations that evolving spirit enjoys swiftest unfoldment.


No, something far profounder than exhibits of Youth or Years—cosmically considered—must be of demonstration in the West and the East.

The westerner remarks, for instance, that India, the Mother of Religions, is a land of no religion. The easterner thinks that he discerns in the Christianity of the West merely a paganism that Progress has sublimated.

We face two vast evaluations of philosophies, and, devoid of such inherited inhibitions as we can manage, we strive to penetrate to the nature of their increments. ✿ ✿

What is it that the East is attempting to tell the West?

What is it that prompts the West to consider the East degenerate?

S IT not a fairly accurate analysis to suggest, that the life-hypothesis of the westerner is: Creation is phenomena which I should regard as external to myself. I know and express myself in that I perceive that the universe is about me.

The life-hypothesis of the easterner is: I perceive in Creation something that


includes myself. I am gradually the absorbent of all that is. I do not make my worldly bed and lie in it. I, in my spirit, come to constitute all beds, and whether my repose be restful in that which I am, depends solely on my concept of weariness, proposing beds as antidote. ✿ ✿

"In other words, behold, I do not fight the universe. I see neither profit nor sense in quarreling with that which enlarges. ✿ ✿

"You in the West are forever fuming to demonstrate your own completeness. To stage this demonstration, you manipulate Things. We of the East see no wisdom in carrying on an argument with a butte of granite rock, or in bashing our skulls against it to prove that each exists.

"You call this Resignation. We call it a Recognition of the Integrity of Self.

¶ "You crack two stones together—and mayhap bruise your fingers—crying: 'In that I can do it, I prove that I live.' We say: 'Let Nature crack the stones and save injury to our fingers, but by observing the impact we KNOW that we live'."

ECADENCE? That presupposes the perfect norm, from which there has been departure, or descent. And what is this ideality, this perfection, this Ultimate, from which there has been regression? In the case of the westerner, can he say that he has gained to it? If so, then why waste time and cosmic energy in continuing incarnations? ✿ ✿

Rather, has the westerner not made a god of Motion and come to deride those who prefer to behold it instead of studying it as participant in its phenomena? And wherein is his gain?

Is it not a fact that motion, in whatever phase one views it, is but an illusion of location? A rock is heaved in air. The spectator says the rock is in motion, in that he is stationary in rela-



tion to its change. Were he sitting upon the rock he would swear the landscape was doing the moving, and who can say he would not be right?

Has the person riding on the rock the license to point the finger of derision at the person beholding the extent of its arc from terra firma, and cry: "In that you are not riding with me, you are thereby decadent"?

Is it not Observation itself that counts in the spiritual analysis?—the reception of the intelligence that bodies of substance may change location in respect to other bodies of substance, and that an object in motion continues in a straight line forever, unless met by opposing force?

Have not East and West a quarrel as senseless as that of two ants, declaiming each to the other that only by his particular spoke can he crawl to the hub of the wheel?



AND yet, in the great crises of mundanity, the Oriental has something of stamina and endurance which the Occidental lacks.

War, pestilence, famine, stalk across the West and he who so vain-gloriously cried yesterday: "Behold, I am Circumstance!" wails in childish terror that his God has deserted him. He has ceased to be Circumstance with the first bugle call, the first corpse, the first meal that is lacking when every barn is emptied. He cannot pen an editorial that he may fry in a pan. He can connive no machine that gives his wasted limbs new blood.

But war, pestilence, famine, stalk across the East and he who murmured yesterday, "All is the will of Allah!" watches with interest as his physical bag of water dries to a husk and presently blows away. Behold, it is not himself. All in all, it had been a cumbersome distraction. ✠ ✠

The westerner depends upon the water-bag to give substance to his philosophy. The easterner views the water-bag as

one more transient expedient for proving that bodies are but items of cosmic caprice, that they have their times and their uses, but that Spirit which made one with them discerns when they are valueless. ✠ ✠

Viewed from the worldly standpoint, the easterner has the doughtier spiritual security. ✠ ✠



BUT where in all this," demands the theological egocentric, "does Christianity come in? I have been informed by supposedly reliable elders

that four thousand years ago a feminine nudist ate a forbidden apple, generously offering the core to her husband. Because of such pilfering from the Edenic orchard, did I 'sin in Adam.' To balance the cosmic score, some two thousand years later a Sinless Man allowed himself to be tortured for an afternoon by being nailed physically upon timbers of wood. By this forfeit of His life am I to live eternally, and be forgiven the transgressions of the nudist pair and danger from hell-fire. What have resignation and water-bags to do with the Trinity?" ✠ ✠

The question remains as unanswerable as "How much are a whole lot of nines?" or "How big is a pane of glass?" ✠ ✠

We have no known record of Christ's ever having said anything about the efficacy of the Trinity.

Adam created four thousand years ago presents a sorry figure as against authentic Vedas ten thousand years old, or inscriptions on Sumerian ruins listing dynasties back over 435,000 years.

¶ The religious world dwells upon the Temptation by the Devil but regards the Transfiguration as nonunderstandable. ✠ ✠

What, forsooth, had Christ to do with Christianity? ✠ ✠

Jesus taught a pure law: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you!"

"The 'ell it is!" says the modern Chris-



tian. "Nothing's inside of me but my viscera and lumbago. Heaven's a place that I shall journey to, when I die, and whoever tells me otherwise needn't try to hunt me up."

All modern Christians know much more than Christ!

The easterner accepts what Christ taught because he has taken the time to sit quietly and absorb it. Still, he is a pagan because he hasn't been baptized with water over which incantations have been said, or come to acknowledge that Jews have divine license from the Almighty to despoil all Egyptians. Likewise he is decadent. Westerners are sure of it!



**T**RANQUILLITY, however, is not a matter of clamping handcuffs on the emotions or concurring in the error that five and three make ten. The only tranquillity is the sense of mastery over hurt, that comes from one hundred percent control of the factors of the situation in which one is participant when tranquillity is invited.

Applied in the larger world-sense, mastery over all situations is spiritual superiority to all factors composing Life. And the first step in attaining to such superiority is emancipation from the serfdom of Things—certainly from the vassal-philosophy that without Things to manipulate there can be no self-expression. ✿ ✿

Here is the law: Things are rendered available, that Spirit may come to recognize that they are utterly dispensable! ¶ Only the man who can sit naked in darkness for a year of solitary confinement, without becoming a screaming maniac, is fit to enter Heaven! And by that time he will not be concerned with "entering" it, because the proposition will be reversed; heaven will be his own inner regions.

Ninety-nine percent of the human race cannot live with its own mind in a com-

panionless house from half-past one to six o'clock of a rainy afternoon.

The naked spirit, suspended equidistant from Sirius and Betelgeuse, knowing that of itself it can never make another physical motion throughout eternity, will still get expression by turning the eye of Intellect inward on itself.

This is primary illustration of true Subjective Development.

Does anyone dare say that in such situation, thus functioning, it would—by the remotest chance—be considered decadent, degenerate, effeminate?

Let us the more reasonably conceive of the matter that the eastern philosopher does that already—to the spiritual degree, at least, which physical life permits. ✿ ✿

Going somewhere, manipulating gadgets, getting expression by caterwaul-noises issued from the larynx, is not the mark of immaturity so much as exposition of Objective Assertion.

As between Subjective and Objective function there is only this difference: that the first has arrived at a status of independent self-sufficiency, whereas the second is a cipher, if so be it the earthhouse is suddenly unfurnished, or the journey of life toss it dispassionately on twenty feet of ocean rock.

Gradually it will come to Man as a matter of evolution, that he has been twenty million years upon this earth and never in all that time "gone anywhere" but around the endless track of a circle. He is in the exact spot in Cosmos that he was when his world was a greenhouse.

¶ Is he any less spiritual for that?

The eternal urge to move, which obsesses the westerner, is merely the urge to express himself by acknowledging Things. He acknowledges them every time that he passes one of them, be it hydrant or Mount Rainier.

The easterner sits and observes, for he is in closer touch with the Eternal. He knows that the Universe is a conjoining of two circles.

He is no more decadent than the westerner is "advanced."





## Why Men Are Willing to Die in Defense of Principle

**D**YING is a serious business—let us hope the statement will not be contradicted.

Dying, considered in the cosmic sense, is the unqualified termination of an incarnation. It is more than a bidding final farewell to a physical mechanism that has served one long and faithfully. It is even more, in the consanguineous sense, than taking leave of kindred in such fashion that one can never thereafter contact them by the ordinary instrumentalities of the physical mechanism.

Dying, in its eternal significance, is substantially the successful or unsuccessful fulfilment of a personality. It is the gesture which the spirit-soul makes to Cosmos in declaring: "I entered into a set of earthly—or worldly—circumstances and allowed their characteristics to have repercussions on my ego. Men spoke of them as 'opportunities' for this or that. I reacted to those circumstantial repercussions in terms of a more gracious knowledge of the universe—by which I shall forthwith deport myself—or I resented or repudiated their intended effects upon my nature and shall henceforth deport myself with less spiritual comity than I did before my birth. At any rate, I have completed the sequence and the role as a certain identified and recognized mortal. Others have profited by contact with me in the three-dimensional oc-

tave, or they have not. I have had a sample of a particular earthly culture, however, and explored the circumscriptions of a definite social caste. What I have truly done is to add another personality to the aggregation of personalities which I have become eternally. Having done this, I will now be the norm of my Eternal Self for a period, devoid of any limitations mortally imposed upon me by biology or environment. As far as the world is concerned, it must estimate me strictly by the loss which I represent in going out of it. But one thing I must face: By terminating my incarnation and vacating my body permanently, I have put an end to all possibilities for rectifying blunders or wrongs to others in the physical manner and in the octave of three dimensions." ❀ ❀

**T**HE SOUL called to soliloquize thus with itself, may feel satisfaction or remorse, according to the cosmic illumination that its role has brought it.



We assume for the purposes of our exposition, that it had clear or hazy knowledge of precisely what its vicissitudes would comprise consequent to entering flesh, so "what it did" was not so much the factor in posthumous retrospection as "how it did it."

In other words, the action and lines of the earthly drama having been arbitrar-





ily determined by the Pen of the Master Dramatist, and the given role having been allotted to the specific spirit-soul to play, the latter's chief concern after quitting the Stage is, "Did I play the part to the utmost of my dramatic skill and cleverness?"

If retrospection call forth the ready self-approval, the incarnation will doubtless be classed as successful. But in definitely pronouncing upon such experience, there should be some recognized standard by availability of which such decision is arrived at.

Is there such a standard and how is it identified?  





**S**UPPOSE we take the view that immortal spirits in temporary bag-o'-water bodies on this earth-planet are noticeable for having arrived at certain ideals of conduct which they commonly call Principles. Let us examine these ideals for the current moment, attempt to discern where they come from, and why, taken by and large, they give strange qualification to the episode of the incarnation and peculiarly its ending.  

What is a Principle?

A Principle is a gesture in cosmic evolution, imparting to the spirit-soul executing it a sense of facility in surmounting all cosmic obstacles!

It is a common norm of conduct explored and subscribed to by hosts of thinking entities who have had adequate opportunity to examine the correct and incorrect methods for executing worldly brevets, and have uniformly decided that by affecting the cosmic behavior and accrediting its permanent profit, they have yielded to no capricious impulse but pursued their destinies with propitious responsibility.

Principle, in other words, is the God-Counsel continually and constantly recognized by venturing spirit, facilitating its progress up the grades of calamitous proposal and causing spirit to become

consciously aware of higher-octave approbation.  

It may vary for different climes or associations. What may seem a matter of principle to one age may not appear so to the next.

Nevertheless, it provides beacons and high lights along the track of incarnate endeavor and causes the unfolding spirit to recognize that its energies have by no means been squandered.





**W**E COME then, to this stupendous proposition: that over and over in mortality, we discern souls grimly acquiescent to bringing their incarnations to a close if—in their estimating intelligence—it tends to demarcate the God-Counsel for others to whom it applies. Here, assuredly, must be altruism in its aspects of deepest profundity.

"Men," we say commonly, "are ready to fight and die for principle."

What we rather imply is: that men need the God-Counsel especially accentuated at that peculiar point in human affairs, that its lambent beauty and sterling genuineness may not be surfeited and pass unnoted among brain storms of futilities operating negatively.

The commonest instance that we have, of course, of men's being willing to fight and die for principle, is when country or culture is assailed by vast numbers of opponents and bids fair to perish if they do not act positively to defend and sustain it.

Sometimes it is their religious faith, or even their racial integrity, that is assailed, and their reaction is no less purposeful.  

Nevertheless, we encounter the amazing circumstance that wholesale numbers of perfectly formed and featured individuals, often with gravest personal issues at stake—or, as we put it, "everything to live for"—will abruptly abandon all normalities of worldly situation, and present their bag-o'-water mechanisms for damage, destruction,



or annihilation, that "what they believe to be right" shall endure.

Stranger to relate, they get the supreme personal gratification out of this exploit and are even acquiescent to courting extermination from the social scene, that the ideality may not be tarnished even though it no longer applies to themselves. ✿ ✿



THE QUESTION is a fair one to ask: Is it logical that they would do this if they were convinced subconsciously and spiritually that such erasure were permanent? Would not the will-to-expression — any expression — be more formidably insistent as controller of their behavior, if they could be positively informed that the forthcoming destruction of their bodies meant eternal annihilation of all consciousness as well? ✿ ✿

But no! For some mystical reason, they make the decision that it is more circumspect that the Principle endure—and continue to be recognized—than that they, in their several current personalities, should continue in mortal tenure. ✿ ✿

We say that they "lay down their lives that others may profit." But what is the profit and on whom does it exercise? ✿ ✿

The common acceptance has it that it exercises upon survivors, too often unworthy in that they have been of the breed concerned egocentrically with self-preservation.

This, of course, is a paradox, inasmuch as such are precisely the persons who stand in greatest need of the benefits demonstrated by others making "the supreme sacrifice."

If all were willing to make such sacrifice, to whom would such benefit appeal? ✿ ✿

But aside from that, is it literally true that the profit operates solely to the interest of survivors?

Have we not—in this phenomenon of

characterful persons' being willing to court physical oblivion that principles may endure—the most overwhelming and logical of all attestments that human consciousness is not exterminated and that life in one bag-o'-water is by no means the only one obtainable?

Is not the willingness of stupendous numbers of patriotic or pious persons to court perishment physically that outstanding merits in culture or religion might endure, the paramount evidence that such principles must maintain in order that identically those persons may find them available and profitable when they next return and essay the fleshly sequence? ✿ ✿



ALL OVER the earth today, but particularly upon the continent of Europe, men in vast hordes are abandoning pursuits of peace and security and present-

ing their bodies for apparelling in the panoplies of war. States are rising against States. Cultures are challenging cultures. The entire world is arming, meaning to "battle it out" in terms of martial might as to which principles shall maintain and which shall forthwith be discarded.

The sentimentalist, the provincial, the cosmic ignoramus, considers it terrible—and indeed it is terrible.

But these are overlooking certain compensating certainties—

It is not a mobilization of men that is under way, but a mobilization of spirits essaying a cosmic laboratory experiment. ✿ ✿

When principle vies with principle, we call the result an Issue. An Issue successfully executed determines the clear road for the progress of the foreordained Eternal Plan. It is, so to speak, the power-lever by which the Plan goes forward. ✿ ✿

Men in stupendous numbers are regimenting today to re-elevate and make crystal-clear the principles for social and political conduct that shall profit un-



born ages, through issues that become of substance out of the crucible of War.

¶ But that is not the end of it.

In the exact ratio that Principles—or their maintenance—invoke millions to their support, in that identical ratio are they of import and significance, and worthy to be contested at such horrifying penalty.

Only mercenaries do battle without the inspiration of principle-determinations to impel them, and the millions of householders now regimenting to fight an Armageddon are by no means gross mercenaries. They are sentient spirits, willing to test the worth or worthlessness of principles because they wish, subconsciously, to confront them in flowering exercise when they pass this way again.

Their survivors will endure beyond them but a handful of years at the most—too short a time for the contest to be a profit-or-loss maneuver for survivors and none else.

But deep in every soldier's subconscious spirit-mind, there crouches the inescapable certainty that he, as a breathing mortal, will again be numbered among posterity able to enjoy the profits from the bloodglut.

He is willing to fight for the determination of issues that shall shape society when he shall come back to it.

Without that knowledge it is probable that armies could no more be integrated than a handful of sand adheres as a mass when the palm be opened.



IT IS something to think about.

The effeminate may exclaim: "But has God in His infinite wisdom, no better way of accentuat-

ing the merit of principles than by rivers of blood and mountains of destruction?" ¶

The answer is, that blood and destruction are but transient conditions, undoubtedly provided to make maximum

dramatic impression on participating spectators. It is better to acknowledge the fundamental that this is a world in which nothing is lost—because there is no place in which to lose it.

Materials blown to atoms merely change their size and shape.

Men buried in graves seek pregnant women and look upon familiar scenes shortly in fresh new mechanisms, protected by their infancy from too quick enactment of chaotic repetitions.

¶ Even energy which creates and then is seemingly frustrated—or incompetently compensated—is translated automatically into spiritual ennoblements.

¶ No, nothing is ever lost!

There is exactly the same quantity of materials, and the same materials, on this orb of a universe, that existed upon it when Adam viewed Eden.

Probably every male human being in life at this hour, at some time or other up the aeons has carried a weapon at the wars, felt the shock of battle, found himself plunged heroically into massive quiet, and been asked by the nearest lounge, "Greetings, brother, how do you like Death?"

It is all in the process by which Nature knows Itself.

So what!

So we approach the Great Armageddon. ¶

So men corroborate the stupendous suspicion that being willing to die in defense of Principle is the finest approbation that waits to confront them out of the Mirrors of Incarnation.

Valor is transient—it is the quest after sacrifice. But it is only the quest. Sacrifice Itself is increment earned, not subject to confiscation.

Increment earned, is forever a form of cached wealth, something to be drawn upon in a future day and hour.

Courage is the label by which the increment is earmarked. Heroism is the deposit slip that identifies the owner.

So take it or leave it as a final thought—COWARDS ARE THE COSMIC PAUPERS!



# General Moseley



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**A**MID all the hysterical and monstrous screeching from America's Jews and their Gentile apologists, that they are a persecuted and unoffending people, and over against the constant caterwaul that any protestation at the Judaizing of America is Fascism, Nazism, or a blow struck at American "democracy," how do the Jews themselves explain the fact that over a *thousand* of their leaders and spokesmen declare that the Jews believe themselves to be divinely appointed Messiahs to the other races of the world, and have long since embarked on a program of bringing all other races and nationals of the earth beneath the heel of Judah?

Haven't the other races and nationals the right to say whether or not they shall be subjugated by the Jews? Is it racial intolerance or religious persecution to want to keep one's own racial stock clean, or preserve the institutions of the country in which one has been born? In addition, with Jewry tainted by the reddest forms of atheistic Communism, is it not the part of Christian patriotism to try to put an end to such devilish megalomaniacs?

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# UNCLE SAM

By FRANCIS G. BLAIR

You ask me who is Uncle Sam,  
I modestly reply, I am.  
These hungry urchins meanly dressed,  
These mothers suckling babes at breast,  
These traffic cops along the street,  
These rushing crowds on eager feet,  
These thousands caught in fortune's jam—  
All these, and you and I, are Uncle Sam.

All farmers working in the field,  
All bankers making dollars yield,  
All those who teach or preach or pray,  
All honest workers, night and day,  
All mountebanks who cheat and sham—  
All these, and you and I, are Uncle Sam.

This miner climbing from the mine,  
This boot-black calling for your shine.  
This lawyer pleading at the bar,  
This doctor rushing by in car,  
This druggist measuring gill and gram—  
All these, and you and I, are Uncle Sam.

Those prosperous in high estate,  
Those beggars waiting at the gate,  
Those morons breeding in the slums,  
Those soldiers stepping to the drums,  
Those toppers swigging down their dram—  
All these, and you and I, are Uncle Sam.

Not high-topped hat nor stripes nor bars,  
Not gaudy coat, bedecked with stars,  
Not whiskered chin nor pointed nose,  
Not gawky form from head to toes,  
Not Yankee Doodle's slap and slam—  
Not all of these are Uncle Sam.

But pioneers on land and sea,  
Unnumbered millions yet to be  
Of noble men who work and plan  
To build and guard their native land;  
Who daily do their civic share  
Unflinchingly and unaware  
Of those who praise or those who damn—  
All these, and you, are Uncle Sam.